



LATER
LOVE
LETTERS
OF A
MUSICIAN
BY
MYRTLE
REED





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To
My Little Girl.
Sept. 6, 1903.
J.R.

By MYRTLE REED

LOVE LETTERS OF A MUSICIAN

LATER LOVE LETTERS OF A MUSICIAN

THE SPINSTER BOOK

LAVENDER AND OLD LACE

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK

LONDON



❧ ❧ ❧ LATER
LOVE LETTERS
OF A MUSICIAN

By Myrtle Reed

Author of "Love Letters of a Musician"



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
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BY

MYRTLE REED

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The Angel of Memory

Andante

The Angel of Memory

I LITTLE thought, My Lady, when last I wrote to you, that I should ever do it again. I could imagine no circumstance, no unfriendly Fate, that should take me from your side. But the veiled Future has ever strange things in store for us, and so to-night I am away from you — not willingly, as you know.

Andante

Five golden years, Heart of Mine, have we walked the way of life together, and there is not an hour I would have changed ; there is no moment when I would have you other than you have been. It is the fashion these days, I know, to say that love ends at the altar, but it is not so. You and I have found the old dream of the world divinely true. It is neither a poet's fancy nor a trick of the imagination, but a thing of fadeless and unending beauty.

To-night the face of all the world is

The
Angel of
Memory

changed. I can hear the sleepy twittering of the birds in the twilight stillness, and the air is faintly stirred by the soft flutter of drowsy wings. Every wayfaring thrush and robin has gone home to his leafy bower, to be welcomed by bright eyes and rapturous heart — and I am not to go to you.

I can see you now as you stood at the gate when I turned to look back after the last good-bye. I can see the mist of sorrow in your sweet eyes and your dear hands reaching out to mine. Your fingers were on my heart-strings then, and it seemed as if I could not go.

I wonder, after all, if we have had what the world calls a home — if it has not rather been a regained and glorified Eden. At the beginning it seemed impossible for you to be even a little dearer than you were, but each day has bound us closer together, and now I realise, perhaps for the first time, that we are truly one.

Night comes to the tired heart as well as to the world. The restless fever of life must sometimes pause ; at midday, it may be, or in those sunny silences of the afternoon when

the long light rests upon the hills and the waning day breathes sadness. When the stillness comes, it is like a sanctuary from which the last worshipper has departed, leaving the soul to itself.

And then, as a nun to the cloister, comes the Angel of Memory. Her light feet make no sound and upon her grey wings lies the Dew of Forgetfulness. For it is she who is the guardian of the soul.

Give her but a little time and she will sift out all the pleasure from thy pain, all the sweetness from thy sorrow, and all the love from thy life. Heart-aches are forgotten, tears lose their bitterness, and like a leaf of lavender in a store of linen, so does Memory make life sweet.

Into my soul hath she stepped again to-night. Her stately candles gleam in silver sconces and there is joy upon her uplifted face. The love that passeth all understanding shines in her unfathomed eyes, for she keeps only the gold that comes into her mysterious hands, scattering the dross afar upon the slow waters of Lethe.

For a moment she kneels at the altar, and

The
Angel of
Memory

The
Angel of
Memory

peace, like a benediction, fills the doubting, troubled heart. The deep notes of the organ steal upon the stillness, swelling into splendid chords, as though all the beauty and sweetness of life were woven into sound.

She will make her music in any weary soul — symphony, sonata, or majestic fugue ; hymn of praise or prayer of faith. Her full tones may voice the grandeur of the sea, the rush of storm and conflict, the resonant pæan of victory, or the solemn minors of defeat.

But blest above all men is he who hears no bugle-call to battle, no thunder of shot and shell, nor even cry of triumph, and for whom the melody is softened to a love-song.

For him, then, Memory's candles set alight a woman's face — stray threads of sun caught in the shadowy softness of the hair, an exquisite tenderness in the lines of the sweet mouth, and the love-light, true and holy, aflame forever in eyes like yours.

September at her Loom

Allegro

AUTUMN

Lento

CHAMINADE



September at her Loom

YESTERDAY I went through Paradise. The roadway was bordered with maples in garments of such radiance as artist's brush may not paint nor the pen of poet describe.

An enchanted silence hovered over the woods. There was no sound save the hushed murmur of falling leaves, the dropping of nuts, and the scamper of the Little People of the Forest in feathers and fur.

The crimson and yellow of some of the maples, the brilliant gold-green of others, and the russet colouring of the oaks, shading almost to purple, blended together in sunset harmony. Like a tawny ribbon trailed amidst the pageantry, the road wound across the fields and over the hill.

Who would not follow, when the soul of the woods has thrilled in answer to the bugles of the frost! Along the unknown road I went, following the Spirit of Summer I knew had gone that way.

Allegro

September
at Her
Room

Her skirts had touched the fields with the sweetness of her passing, and the whirl of gossamer wings still made tremulous music, not knowing she was far beyond their spell. Here and there an ungathered harvest waited in royal patience for the tardy reapers, and upon the fallow earth lay the autumn beauty which in its very sadness holds the hope of spring.

Tiny webs lay amidst the stubble in the shorn fields. Through the rustling aisles of corn a fairy lace swung across the tasselled pathways. On the slope of the hill, the same lace, delicately woven, lay over the clustered purple of the vine.

Along the road the berries of the bitter-sweet made glowing spots of colour, while here and there a scarlet sentinel stood at the tomb of a dead wild rose. There was a fragrance in the air, as of some beautiful, fleeting thing.

Afar in the meadow were masses of yellow and purple bloom, where goldenrod and aster had emblazoned wondrous beauty on the earth. There were drifts of white among them — a hint of the snow which all too soon should hide them every one.

September
at Her
Loom

There was an apple orchard at the foot of the hill and the trees were bending with the wealth of their yellow and blood-red fruit. The gnarled and crooked trunks were full of mysterious channels through which the hidden sweetness had found its way. Sun and dew had gone to make the orchard treasure, with some alchemy of blossoms and dust.

The long light touched the tree-tops with an aureole, and slowly I climbed the hill. Down below me lay the plain with the sunset touch upon it, shading through brilliant green to gold and crimson, then through blue dusk to the deeper blue of the sea far beyond. It was as if a rainbow had lain down upon the earth to die of very love for the summer that had passed.

The divine stillness grew deeper and the fairy patter of the Little People of the Forest was strangely silent. The fields were in the shadow now, but the lambent colour still lay around me and on the far-off hills.

I turned for one last look, and from behind a luminous screen of gold and crimson leaves there came a light too great for my eyes to

September
at her
loom

bear. There was a soft humming, a delicate whir, and something in the air like a low song suddenly ceased. It was as though I had heard you singing softly to yourself and at the sound of my step you had become silent.

I went down the hill, my heart a-tremble with the beauty of the world and the old, immeasurable love of you. All unawares I had come upon the tapestry maker, and her face is not for mortal eyes to see.

For I had heard the weaving of the autumn and I knew that, behind that golden screen and in that more than earthly light, September sat at her loom.

Toward the Stars

Andante Giusto

PATHETIC SYMPHONY
Adagio

TSCHAIKOWSKY



Toward the Stars

I AM seven hundred miles farther away from you, My Lady, and I feel them every one. But it is only for a week, and three concerts, and then I shall go back to the old distance and be just that much nearer.

Two days ago I went up into the mountains. We were to start at dawn for a distant peak and so I went to sleep at an unaccustomed time. The stars shine like signal-fires in these high altitudes, sending rays of jewelled splendour into the farthest dark.

There was no hint of light when we started, but our horses knew the way. There is something unearthly in being abroad at such an hour. Far ahead of us the mountains lay, as they have lain for unnumbered centuries, grim and silent and eternal.

When we reached the foot-hills the beacon-lights had faded. Midnight blackness was shading into grey, just touched with rose.

*Andante
Giusto*

Toward
the Stars

We began the gradual ascent, and at the first level place paused and waited, turning toward the east.

It was as if the world were being created again. Through rifts of heaven came a celestial glory that was neither the gold nor the white of sun, but iridescent, as though the light were broken.

Beyond us, in the blue and purple mists of dawn, lay a veritable sea of mountains, their white peaks stained with the sunrise. The light trembled toward us and the colour in the valley melted into transparent turquoise. Then all at once it became molten silver, and we turned toward the mountain which lay ahead.

The mists of the night were rising and the autumn colouring showed through. It was like a great opal, crowned with crimson fire. I knew the way was rough, overlaid with jagged rocks and dangerous pitfalls; that there were thorny steeps and waiting chasms, but dawn and distance had hidden it all — as the light of your love has lain upon my life.

With each step the path seemed to grow steeper. Tortuous curves made the trail

among the gaunt pines where the mountain flowers clung closely to the rock.

Here and there a giant cedar was cleft from head to foot by a shaft of lightning, and a hoary monarch lay across the narrow way between two peaks, as though the Storm King had made a bridge for his swift and terrible armies to cross.

Streams thundered down the mountain with the fury of a cataract, clear as crystal and cold as the ice and snow which gave them birth. At last we reached a treeless waste—above the timber-line.

It was noon when we came to the summit. The desert of stone around us was brightened by no living thing. On the farther side was a precipice of immeasurable depth. Beyond it, in solemn beauty, rose black crags and perpetual snow.

High among the rocks, like lone eagle eyries, were two tiny lakes. One was like the plain which lay dimly in the distance and the other was the colour of the sea at sunset. In each a mighty river rose.

The crest of the rock above them was the Great Divide. Countless spires of unyielding

Toward
the Stars

Toward
the Stars

stone, yearning sunward, made the place a vast cathedral and turned the helpless tendrils of our hearts toward the stars.

And then, to the north of where I stood, a silvery cloud floated away, disclosing a mountain I had not seen. The rocks had been riven by lightning, or by some awful Hand, and on the inaccessible crags where no sun could reach it, had been laid, in eternal snow, the symbol of the Cross.

The Philosopher's Stone

Lento

LOHENGRIN

WAGNER



The Philosopher's Stone

I SAW a bit of crystal to-day, resting upon rock through which, like tenderness in a hard nature, ran a thread of purest gold. The prismatic spires shaded from white to deepest purple, as though a violet had been caught and held in transparent stone.

Lento

What fairy hands had laid the gold and amethyst upon such foundation, it is not for man to know. Only after strenuous toil does the Earth Queen disclose a hint of her splendour. In unsuspected crevices her jewels lie, and upon the heights, in unyielding fastness and under flowing streams, she has hidden her gold.

Down in the innermost caverns of the world the gold and gems are made. Gnomes and elves bring the precious materials from far-off treasure chambers, to be transmuted into exquisite fineness by the witchery of white fire.

The Philosopher's
Stone

Upon her radiant throne in the vaulted darkness, the Earth Queen need not sigh for the colour of the outer world, for magic flame and fairy fingers make it all beneath her very eyes.

The yellow light of a summer afternoon lies in the depths of a topaz, grassy plains share their colour with the emeralds, and in the amethysts are violets and Indian Summer haze.

June's roses know no crimson deeper than that in the wine-cup of the ruby, and all the summer sea is hinted in turquoise, sapphire, and pearl. Sun and snow are in the diamond's brilliant sparkle, and the ever-changing opal holds sunset, a rainbow, and "the light of an immortal dawn."

And yet it is gold, not jewels, for which the daily quest is made. Gold ! And what can it bring !

The most precious things in the world are those which cannot be bought—the tender touch of a little child's fingers, the light in a woman's eyes, and the love in a woman's heart.

The knights of old sought the Holy Grail with no less persistence than we of to-day

seek Happiness. The wise alchemists of ages past, thinking a golden snare would surely tempt her elusive feet, searched along the highways of the world for the Philosopher's Stone—a veritable finger of Midas to turn all it touched to gold.

The Philosopher's Stone

And still the quest goes on, and we who have found it can only stand aside and marvel at those who do not see.

Ah, it is a strange thing—Love's little fingers on the heart, making tenderness out of bitterness and changing weakness into strength! When once a woman's eyes, with understanding love, have looked into the very depths of a man's soul, he need seek no farther for the Philosopher's Stone.

As if by magic, the love of the many comes with the love of the one. One flash of the love-light makes the whole world new, one chord of Love's music changes all sound to song, and one touch of Love's hand so glorifies the earth that it needs no other alchemy to make it truly gold.

The Spirit of the Rain

Allegretto

The Spirit of the Rain

TO-DAY the rain is beating against the windows. Sometimes it is a slow monotone, like the responses of the litany, and then it changes to a rush like the moving of unnumbered wings.

The Spirit of the Rain is a veritable bird of passage, closely following the flocks of wild geese in her arrival and departure. And her moods are as various as your own.

When the earth awakes from the long sleep, she shares the delirious raptures of spring. There is nothing more joyous than an April shower—nothing more cheerless than November rain.

When the blood of the clover riots in the veins of June, she dances wildly through the world. Her silver wings flash through the mist in the meadow, the thirsty grass drinks deep of her liquid enchantment, and the shimmering coolness of her dusky hair,

Allegretto

The Spirit
of the
Rain

floating over the fields, puts courage into the faint heart of every drooping rose.

Her light feet twinkle upon the forest floor to the castanets of dripping leaves, she swings with lyrical grace from side to side of the wood, and to the brave little mother-birds, shielding their downy nestlings from wind and flood, she whispers, "Be not afraid."

Fern and moss and lichen all wait for her coming, and the little creatures of the woods, from sheltered nooks, watch her mad course with wide, wondering eyes.

She casts her crystal witchery over a weary brook and it straightway sings again, forgetting all its toilsome way through parched and dusty plains. There is life in her touch and she so fills the air with magic, that it needs but a shaft of sunset light to lay a rainbow in every field.

Sometimes her departure is slow and stately, but more often there is a sudden gleam of silver in the shadow and lo, she is gone !

To-day, My Lady, I have given her a message for you. Even as I write she is turning her changeful face to the east, and I fancy that she will be with you by nightfall.

And so when you light the lamps at twilight, dreaming perhaps of him who cannot come, soft finger-tips will sound at your window pane. When you look out into the dark you will see her laughing, tender eyes, and by the grace of loving, you will understand the word that has come to you — on the wings of the Spirit of the Rain.

The Spirit
of the
Rain

The Message of Grey Wings

Andante Appassionata

DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME

SCHUMANN

Du bist..... wie ei-ne

The first system of the musical score for 'Du bist wie eine Blume' by Robert Schumann. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass and treble clefs. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a whole rest followed by a half note G4, then a quarter note A4, and a triplet of eighth notes G4, F4, and E4. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

Blu-me, So hold und schön und retn

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a triplet of eighth notes G4, F4, and E4. The piano accompaniment features a more complex right hand with chords and moving lines, while the left hand remains simple. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The Message of Grey Wings

ALL day yesterday the chill October rain dripped steadily. The red and yellow leaves which lay upon the ground were sodden and dull, their brilliant colouring changed to a sober hue.

But my sunshine came from within, for it was the day for a letter from you. When it did not come, the inner light suddenly vanished and the world seemed cold and despairing.

It was not a concert day and so I tried to work. But I made false notes — my violin reflected my own mood — and I gave it up. Composition was no better. I could see that what I was doing was not art, but something utterly unworthy of the name, and this, too, I put aside.

I hardly know how the day passed, but at last the sunless afternoon shaded into night. Outside the rain beat a solemn requiem and

Andante
Appassion-
ata

The Mes-
sage of
Grey
Wings

the wind sounded through the shivering branches like a dirge.

Then there was a shimmer of grey wings in the dark, a soft rush that was not wind, and a gentle tap at the window that was not rain. I opened it, and our faithful messenger, with a little coo of recognition, flew straight to my hands.

It was a fit message, Heart of Mine, to come by carrier pigeon. If I could not have it from your own lips, I should choose to have it by the grace of this wet-winged wanderer, who brought it through dark skies and swirling rain to make my autumn night a midsummer noon.

My first impulse was to reach out across the leagues that lie between us and draw you close to my heart. For the words will not come. When the soul is filled with love unspeakable, there is no language save the mute touch of lips and hands.

It was long before the full realisation of it came to me—that the exquisite miracle of your womanhood had begun to slowly unfold. God could not have chosen a nobler temple than this, for every fibre of your nature is

inwoven with truth, and ever have I knelt in worship before your stainless radiance of soul.

You were divinely near before, but you are divinely holy now. The old, immortal joy beat high in my veins and all at once there came a strange sense of kinship with the world.

I wonder if I have been selfish and held myself aloof—if in my happiness I have passed my fellows by ! I know you have not done so, for scarcely a day passes but some disheartened one comes to you for strength and consolation.

As in a sudden flash of inward light, I saw that the whole world was truly one. No mountains divide us, no seas set apart ; there is no barrier in all nature except the lines weak human hands have drawn. We are helpless without each other—we cannot suffer or enjoy alone.

And so it seemed as if all living things must share this happiness of ours, as if all that is noble in the world must help me grow strong and fine, for your sake and—yes, I must write it, My Lady—for the sake of the holy thing

The Mes-
sage of
Grey
Things

The Mes-
sage of
Grey
Wings

that sleeps beneath your heart—our little child.

The night was deepening into dawn. The rain had ceased and I opened the window again. With an upward sweep of his restless wings, our messenger was gone — perchance to seek you, or to find in wood and field that freedom which he has so fully earned.

I had a strange longing to follow him. The soul and heart have wings, but not our clay. I went softly out of the house and down the road, toward the sea, the sun, and you.

The air was sweet with the odour of the drenched October leaves. High in the maple above me swung a little last year's nest, its tenants gone to the sunny South land and its helpless children grown.

Oh, why do we speak of the sadness of autumn ! Must we be ever so impatient that we cannot wait for spring ? For every flower that dies there must rise a fresher beauty ; for every desolate December there must come a gladsome May.

The two or three timid stars that had stepped from behind the cloud in the east had already faltered and fled. In the west

were tiny points of light like shining pearl. There was a vast tremble and all at once the clouds were riven.

A single shaft of molten gold leaped athwart the dark dome, and the awakened heaven was suffused with colour—amethyst, topaz, sapphire, and opal—where the grey marble of night had broken and disclosed the splendid jewels of dawn.

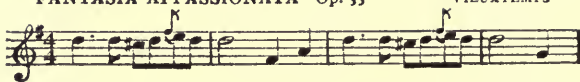
The Mes-
sage of
Grey
Wings

The Country of the Heart

Fieramente

FANTASIA APPASSIONATA Op. 35

VIEUXTEMPS



The Country of the Heart

THERE is a Country of the Heart, My Lady, where all the joy and pain of the world are found. In other hearts we may gather as we will, for at the touch the tenderest bloom is offered, but in our own we can only strive with the weeds and thorns and marvel at such beauty as may be.

In the southern part of the Country stands the House of Forgiveness. There is only one way to enter—through the Door of Understanding—and he who would walk therein must first touch his lips to the Water of Forgetfulness.

Upon a sunless steep lies the terrible Wood of Renunciation. Willow and cypress shade the dark solitudes, and there is no softness of growing things upon the rough soil. Only the asphodel flowers there, in uneven clusters, where the way is wet with tears.

But on the grassy slopes above are the

*Fieram
mente*

The
Country
of the
Heart

Heartsease of Past Joy and the Violets of Consolation. These never fail the footsore traveller, for they are watched by the Angel of Memory.

Here, too, are the Precious Herbs which bring comfort—the Marjoram of Belief, the Thyme of Trust and the Spikenard of Resignation.

The Hill of Regret is covered with rue, and the path to the summit is much worn. For upon the heights is the Temple of Knowledge, with the golden Ivy of Silence almost hiding its walls.

Along the Way of Sorrow there is healing in store, could the heart-broken only see it through the blinding mist. Here are the Rosemary of Remembrance, the Lavender of New Tenderness, and a tiny flower which some call Sympathy and some the Grace of Giving.

But no one can leave the Way of Sorrow alone. He must take into his hands the Lavender, hiding the Rosemary in his own soul, and, with the Grace of Giving, try to lead a fellow-traveller into the Field of Content. In this way only shall he find the Path of Peace.

There is one flower which grows in the Country of the Heart, which many never find at all. It is a slender, delicate anemone, which fades when the north wind blows and does not come up again until spring. This is the Flower of Charity. Some call it Unrewarded Kindness.

Along the Way of the Water of Life grows the Lily of Faith. Sometimes there is a varying rainbow upon it, like the reflection from a stained-glass window, but oftener only the white light of the sun. The Lily with the colour upon it is frail and delicate, but the one which is planted in the white radiance blooms steadily, even in cold and thorny soil.

In the most beautiful place in the Country of the Heart, the Roses of Love are in bloom. There are red ones, for the love of the sweet-heart, pink for friends, gold for the love of a little child, and white for the dead.

The air is always filled with fragrance when the Roses of Love are in blossom, and even the Wood of Renunciation is sweetened by the far-off bloom. White roses brighten the Way of Sorrow and are set like stars among the rue on the Hill of Regret. The

The
Country
of the
Heart

pink roses fade easily and even the red ones wither. Sometimes the golden roses change to white, but the white ones are never lost.

In the Country of Our Heart, My Lady — for you and I are so truly one that we have but a single kingdom between us — the red roses are more beautiful than ever. There are a few pink ones and one or two of the white. But the treasure of our lives is this — the bud which is breaking through the green sheath, disclosing a colour we have never known.

May God keep our Golden Rose in bloom !

After the Storm

Andantino

PASTORAL SYMPHONY

BEETHOVEN

Allegro



After the Storm

YESTERDAY a wild wind came from the north and east and so I went down to the sea. Out to the dark horizon line the water was a tempestuous wilderness of grey foam. The steady lines of surf that break in melody upon the sand were torn by conflicting currents and the shrieking wind.

Far to the north were clouds of midnight blackness, but in the southern sky were feathery masses of rose and gold. The light shone upon the flood beneath and touched the foaming waves with a tender glow. From north to south in perfect arch stretched a double rainbow, as if in assurance of the promise made of old,—“And there shall be no more sea.”

All night the wind and water raged, but at dawn the storm ceased. At sunset to-night I went down again.

There was no sign of stress or conflict on

Andantino

After the
Storm

the far, blue reaches of the deep ; no hint of wind or storm. Only at the shore-line where the surf began to break was any change to be seen.

With slow undulation, each wave gathered power. The long afternoon light shone into depths of translucent green. With splendid strength the water rose, curling slightly and filling the air with shining spray, then suddenly booming like distant thunder and crashing heavily upon itself.

There was a report like cannon when a wave struck the water. Little puffs of foam were blown across the sand as the wind drifts the snow.

Three times a single wave gathered and broke before it reached the shore.

I could watch the sea forever—clothed in the majesty of its endless years. It is never twice the same, and yet the mysterious tide is constant in its ebb and flow.

The sun went down, leaving a last splendour on the drifted clouds in the south-east. This, too, faded away and the yacht in the harbour rose and fell sleepily with the unresting waves.

A lamp was swung at the masthead. The signal light on shore threw out its beams afar. And inland, faintly at first and then more brightly, shone the North Star.

Changeless, fixed, and eternal, while the unending march of the universe goes on with immeasurable sweep, that single star gleams on land and sea. It is a guide to the faltering feet of the lost on earth and a compass for the struggling ones "who go down to the sea in ships."

I have often thought it should be the love-star, rather than the one which poets of all ages have celebrated in song and story, for is love less true than the polar star? The clouds may hide it for a little time, but we have only to wait and presently it shines again.

Star of my Life, the shadows fall in vain. Love gives a finer sight and not even the darkness of death could hide your face from me.

The angry waves of the world may surge round me as they will. Your little hands are on the wheel of my uncertain craft and I know they will guide me safely to the shore, where the harbour lights of love are gleaming — to lead your captain home.

Some Day

Pensieroso

SONATA APPASSIONATA Op. 57

BEETHOVEN



Some Day

WORDS cannot tell you, My Heart, how much I want to be with you now. In reality every day that passes brings you nearer to me, and yet it seems as though it had been a year.

But some day I shall go to you again. I shall hold your hands in mine and see the tenderness in the clear depths of your dear eyes. Some night I shall go back to our little home and at the summit of the hill see your signal-fire,—the tiny candle which you set in the window at dusk to guide me from afar.

That beacon-light has never failed in all the five years we have walked together. No matter how discouraged or despondent I have been, when I saw the little star glimmering faintly in the dark, I have taken heart again. For fresh courage must ever dawn in a man's soul when a woman's faith keeps the love-light burning upon the altar of his home.

Densicroso

Some Day

“Some Day !” Ah, all the waiting ones of earth have taken solace from the sound. Some day wet eyes shall shine, but not with tears, and quivering lips shall smile again. Some day the deep lines shall be smoothed from every careworn face, and the knotted, roughened hands made soft once more. Thorns that lie deep in tender hearts shall be drawn away and precious herbs shall bring their healing sweetness to the wound.

Some day each hungry soul shall find its mate and they two shall comfort one another with the gentle ministry of love. The lost violets shall come again and make the aisles of springtime scented purple ways. Ice-bound streams shall chant the summer song and the sleeping forests awake to life once more.

For this is the eternal law. For every hour of suffering we are paid with abundant joy ; for every surge of our helpless, finite passion there is a returning flow. For every swelling of the heart comes a moment of rest ; for every hour of the night there is one of sun.

And all who weep may dry their tears with this, for as truly as morning dawns the

light shall come. And even in our sorrow we are not alone.

Blind feet have trod thy way before—the same thorns that stab thy heart are keen in other breasts. Wilt thou repine beneath thy burden, or bravely seek to lighten the fardels of those who walk with thee?

Some one who is dear to thee hath entered upon the long sleep, but art thou alone in this? A day like thine must come to all. Some one upon whom thy soul leaned is lost, but art thou alone? The shimmering veil of estrangement hangs ever between human hearts.

Thou hast only to wait, and that which is truly thine own shall come back to thee unchanged, and sweeter for the long absence. And in the grave hast thou placed thine all? Hath not Mnemosyne left thee sweet days and tender thoughts? Unless thou hast this consolation, thou hast suffered no loss.

Only wait a little time and what was disappointment shall be seen as blessing. By Some Day's magic touch, loss shall become gain. Thy sorrow shall be soothed to a gentle regret and thy grief shade into a tender

Some Day

Some Day

memory. And thou shalt see that thou hast not buried all the sweetness of life in the dark hollows of thy grave, but only the dead leaves of thy comrade's soul.

Look up to the stars behind the dark, for in the Stygian shadow they shine for such as thee. Thou hast only to wait, for light and joy shall surely come, on the slow wings of some dear day.

PART II

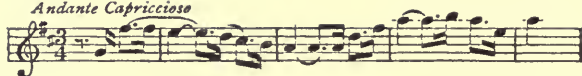
Indian Summer

Adagio

REVERIE

TSCHAIKOWSKY

Andante Capriccioso



Indian Summer

INTO the chill autumn day has come the breath of summer. The bare maple branches stand out against a sky of turquoise and silver, with here and there a single leaf forgotten by the frost.

The russet oaks have given up their splendour and with every passing breeze a frightened company of leaves scurries down the road. Suddenly torn from the lofty height where they have swung all summer long, they seemingly cannot understand the change.

To be trampled by careless feet, when they once looked down upon the earth in supreme unconcern—alas, it is the way of the world ! To lie in the dust while the slow chemistry of Nature makes them one with the soil—this, too, is the way of all living things. To go back to the elements from whence they came, to be re-created in beautiful and ever-changing form—is this what we call death? Let us say, rather, it is immortality.

Adagio

Indian
Summer

All the brilliant beauty of the landscape is blending into sober grey, but there are some colours upon the palette which as yet the artist has not touched. Along the road the dog-wood trees flaunt their splendid crimson fruit, and on the hill the mountain ash, in faded green, has donned its autumn jewels of burnt orange and gold.

The brown milkweed pods have opened, disclosing silvery down of silken softness. Dandelion wraiths and wandering thistle souls are still to be seen floating on the transparent sea of air. Tangled vines on the roadway are inextricably interwoven, their fairy filaments closely twined as if in mutual sorrow.

The flower-burnt slopes where once the goldenrod made glorious flame are dull and ashen now. The brown ray petals of the dead asters have closed tenderly around the hearts that once were gold, as if loath to say farewell.

All the tiny spinners are asleep—who knows where ! Perchance in the dark labyrinths which wind their little way through the soft soil, or hidden under the dead leaves, trusting in the gracious forbearance of the winter winds.

A pair of chattering squirrels have made a holiday among the fallen leaves, apparently in search of nuts and acorns to add to their already bounteous store. It has been perpetual hide-and-seek—the sudden flash of bright eyes in unsuspected quarters, the daring flaunt of a bushy tail, and the mad scamper under leaves, through branches, and down the hollow tree to the hidden nest.

On the harp strings of the marsh grass, the North Wind, tempered to a summer softness now, has attempted the spell and threnody of June. But the instrument is out of tune, and all life has fled from the worn strings. The hand of winter has not the touch, and the melody is gone.

When the broad sheet of water breaks into lilled flood once more, when the creamy lotus blooms and the purple flags stand straight amid the green, the old song of the marshes will sound through the tremulous twilight stillness.

It is only for a day or two, this magical violet haze and summer sweetness. Then the air will grow steadily colder with hints of impending snow. And until March, we must be apart !

**Indian
Summer**

Ah, Sweetheart mine, the days are long indeed ! It is always winter when I am away from you, but it is graciously softened to an Indian Summer like this, by the memory of your tenderness and the dream of your waiting love.

The Daughter of the Stream

Murmurando

SONG OF THE RHEIN DAUGHTERS

WAGNER

Das Rheingold



The Daughter of the Stream

TO-DAY, while I was walking in the woods, I found a tiny stream coming unexpectedly from beneath an overhanging bank. The grass was grey and dead, but the little river sang and rippled cheerily, as though it were June again.

I followed it on its woodland journey. Close to its course were the sleeping buttercups and the phlox, the dog-tooth violets and withered ferns. A little farther back were broken mandrakes and dead rue.

The autumn leaves had fallen there and after floating for a little space had dropped into its silent depths. I could see the brown ones, through the crystal clearness of the water, making the deep colouring of your eyes. Here and there was a crimson one like your lips, and where the yellow leaves had covered the mossy bed there was a veritable Rheingold, with the melody of the Rhine

Murmur-
ando

The
Daughter
of the
Stream

Daughters sounding ever through the murmur of the stream.

There is a fascination about moving water that still pools never know. To look into transparent crystal and see the pearly pebbles lying beneath, or cool depths of moss where the glancing sun lights up the shadow and touches the delicate points with emerald and silver—this is to know the woodland beauty and to feel the siren spell that draws the heart to the woods and fields.

Lost in a dream of the vanished glory, the shining waters rippled on their way. All summer, fairy craft of leaf and petal had set sail for ports among the meadow-sweet. Thrush and robin had dipped glistening wings into the soft coolness, and the ever-restless, circling swallows had hovered for a moment to listen to the singing stream.

Vain little creatures of the forest had chattered to each other, watching their reflection meanwhile in the dimpling mirror. Willows hung their thirsty branches into the shallows along the shore, as the desert spaces of the heart are comforted by the Water of Life.

Rocks began to appear along the bank.

Sometimes, with infinite patience, the water had worn a way upon the grey stone. The music trembled into deeper harmony, yet it was sweet and tender still.

At last I heard a distant melody — theme and chord and overtone were blended into a wordless song. I walked somewhat faster and discovered a tiny waterfall where the little river turned to leave the woods and wander across the open fields.

This Daughter of the Stream was half hidden in a veil of shimmering mist. The green, translucent water lay against the mossy rocks with caressing softness, and through the air sounded the mad, half-mocking laughter, as of a little changeling child.

The slanting sun shone into the cool depths and illumined unsuspected treasure of jasper and onyx. In some lights the silvered spray was like a moonstone, with blue and violet glinting through.

All too soon Winter would claim her jewels and change her veil to frosty lace. Ivory and chalcedony would hide the rocks, and the treasure in the misty depths would turn to grey. Glittering silences of ice would drown

The
Daughter
of the
Stream

The
Daughter
of the
Stream

her mad music, and her riotous laughter would be hushed as if in sleep.

And yet the little Daughter of the Stream sang on. The love-sweet melody made a rhythm to my step as I slowly walked away. It was lowered to a lullaby and then to a distant croon, as though a child had closed its eyes and the twilight song had trembled to a whisper and a prayer.

And then a vision of the future filled my soul and for the moment my heart stood still. Perhaps some day, at the sound of my step, you would not cease your singing, for fear——

I cannot write it, Sweetheart, but you know.

Birds of Passage

Allegro Vivace

IF I WERE A BIRD

HENSELT



Birds of Passage

**Allegro
Divace**

THERE are few birds left, aside from the sparrows. For many a week the tide of travel has been southward—I have not seen one journeying toward the north.

Long ago the orioles cleft their golden path through summer clouds. Thrush and robin have gone to make music upon the upland ways of southern streams. The meadow-lark will rest in strange fields and repeat his plaintive minor cadence, which has in its inmost depths the sound of tears.

The bluebird's wings will flash against the silver noonday, the bobolink will chant his mellow notes upon the far-off plains, and blackbirds and swallows will hover over distant waterways and stretch silhouettes of flight upon the sunset sky.

A bird is joy incarnate. The red wine of life runs in exultant course through every vein and there is gladness in every quiver of his ecstatic wings.

Birds of
Passage

Even after dusk some little voice is to be heard. Drowsy, half-whispered chirps penetrate the twilight stillness, and in the night soft wing-beats and hushed flutterings foretell the rapturous freedom at dawn.

In the unspeakable melody of a bird's song is all the beauty of the world—love and hope and trust. He knows naught of doubt, despair, or disbelief. His bright-eyed sweetheart is always true.

All the pent-up sweetness of the summer is hidden in that little throat—the rush of water and the drip of rain, the scent of shorn fields and the hum of bees through the clover; the soft stir of shining leaves and the luminous, fragrant nights.

All is silent now. Through the wintry wastes the North Wind will moan with the rhythm of a dirge, and no soft chirp will sound in the frosty silences of the night.

The wild ducks have gone. Flocks of pigeons have winged a white way toward the south. This morning, at dawn, I heard the hoarse cry of wild geese, sounding in reverberant echoes over the marshes.

They are always the last to go and the first

to return. Like the sea-gulls, they exult in the first cold. I have seen them swooping to the earth, dipping their wings into the icy water of the marshes, as if to cool the fever of flight which leads them on.

Ah, what is it that takes them all away ! Before there is a change of colour on the maples some of the wiser ones have fled. The blackbirds and swallows stay into the autumn, but in a little while they, too, are gone.

Over southern hills must come the winding notes of some hunter's horn, with the enchantment of the Pied Piper sounding through its mellow clearness. The feathered folk listen, with their heads turned one side, and then there is a mysterious departure. With silent, steady wing they pursue their long journey. There is neither hesitation nor pause.

But once more the bugle notes will break on the still air, this time from the north, and all the merry company will troop back again. The bluebird's colour will gleam amid the drifted white of springtime bloom, and the robin's cheery voice will blend with the April rain.

Again the wild geese will be pencilled in

Birds of
Passage

unvarying line upon the distant sky and their strident notes will sound over the marsh streams.

But when the first flock starts for the north, I shall be by your side again. Ah, Sweetheart ! You are my South-land and my summer and all the beauty in my world.

The House of Dreams

Largo

A DREAM

BARTLETT

The musical score is written for piano and consists of two systems. Each system has a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The first system shows a melody in the treble staff with a wavy line indicating a tremolo or rapid oscillation, and a bass line with a single note. The second system continues the melody and bass line, with the treble staff showing a more complex rhythmic pattern. The score is printed in a classic, slightly aged style with a yellowish background.

The House of Dreams

UPON the misty threshold of unknown lands, there lies the Garden of Sleep.

Like the violet haze of Indian Summer a shadowy stillness hovers over it. Soft grass has covered every pathway, that the dreamer's feet may make no sound.

Within the mystic Garden we may wander as we will. Art thou distressed? A slow stream winds its gentle way through the leafy silences, its music hushed to a drowsy flow. Drink deep, ye troubled ones who come at last to its shore, for it is the Water of Forgetfulness.

Art thou weary? On the surface of the Water there is a fairy fleet at anchor for such as thee. With tremulous hands we may gather as we will. They are dripping and sweet, with light imprisoned in their chalices of gold, and the careworn face may hide in their fragrant depths—for these are the Lilies of Rest.

Largo

The House
of Dreams

Art thou in doubt? Then let thy straining eyes look up to the Star of Faith. Art thou disheartened? The light of new courage shall shine upon thee there. Art thou sorrowful? Put by thy rue and gather the Life Everlasting.

Or art thou grieved? Then in the Garden there is comfort and healing balm. Lavender, spikenard, rosemary — all these shall send their solace straight to thy tortured heart. The things that are thine own are for a little time estranged but never lost. Hands that once clung to thine await thee with the tender touch of old, for the Asphodel of Death grows not in the Garden of Sleep — only the unfading Amaranth of Immortality.

Near the Lilies of Rest there stands Our Lady of the Garden. Over the gleam of her poppy-crowned hair comes the light of the City far beyond.

The marble minarets and towers gleam like pearl in the sun, and in the stillness sounds the chime of the slumber bells. There is no night there save the crimson sunset, no storm save the silver weaving of the rain through the blue dusk, and the dream-bees hum

through the white silences like the melody of wind through the grain.

The mellow gold streams on the blue water that ripples with the rhythm of a lullaby and the soft surge of it brings peace. In the City of Visions there is no heartache, and the restless feet that wander there have forgotten all their toil.

Only once in the long day is the mystical gate unbarred, when far and faintly in the west the signal light is set — the misty, opal gleam of the sunset star.

We pass through the Garden of Sleep ere we reach the City of Visions, for sorrow must be forgotten before joy can come. I have no sorrow to forget, for you have filled all my days with happiness, and so I shall pass by the Water of Forgetfulness, stooping only for a single one of the Lilies of Rest. I shall pass, too, the fragrant beds of lavender and rosemary, leaving the healing herbs for those who need them most.

The House of Dreams uplifts its shadowy towers at the gate of the City of Visions. Half-forgotten stories and lost childish beliefs are hidden in the dim chambers, with all our

The House
of Dreams

The House
of Dreams

hope for the coming days. Unreturning ships are pictured on the tapestry that is woven, as Penelope's of old, with all our little deeds.

Once in the House of Dreams, the traveller may choose, but he must first seek, as I do now, Our Lady of the Garden.

There will be a smile of recognition on her silent lips, for she knows this suppliant of old. The amber talisman of her enchantment is hanging at her side, but she will give me the tiny, worn key which is mine alone and which leads me to the dearest place of all — the old, sweet dream of you.

The Cathedral of the Deep

Larghetto

DAS RHEINGOLD

WAGNER



The Cathedral of the Deep

TO-NIGHT, with the sound of the waves upon the bar, has come a melodious undertone. The low, full chords are instinct with minor music, as though the sea were grieving for the summer that is gone.

When out of the mystery of the night the ghostly breakers roll to shore, the solemn chant is deepened till it is one with the returning flow. When the tide swells on its way to flood, the strange melody becomes a siren spell—with the ebb it is a requiem, a hymn.

Afar in the unsounded vastness is the Cathedral of the Deep. Its stately spires of rock and coral glimmer in the green sunshine, and the majestic columns of stone, dividing nave from transept, have been sculptured by the hands of the centuries.

Here is an infinite rest. The long aisles never echo to the tread of human feet, and the cup of communion is never touched by living

Larghetto

The
Cathedral
of the
Deep

hands. Upon those altars hearts may lie forever without the fear of hurt, while the ever-changing sea-voice still calls.

The organ tones of the surf thunder through the silence and die away, the deep notes of tide and tempest awake no answering sound, and the harp of wind and rain becomes a whispered cadence, so far is that Cathedral beneath the wave-worn plain.

Green meadows tinged with crimson lie there in peace like that of a midsummer noon. Far down the ocean valleys are wide reaches of golden sand laid in mosaic of shell and pearl. Sea lace swings through shadowy groves of coral, and soft green filaments weave fairy fabrics in and out of the dark moss.

Only the Children of the Sea may wander there. Nymphs and mermen may pass unchallenged through the Cathedral gates, or float through the wondrous meadows and drink the lotus-wine in which the earth-born find the lees of death.

For when the banners of the tempest are flung athwart the midnight heaven, shot through with strange javelins of lightning and

blue flame, the undertone upon the bar swells to a dominant crescendo, ringing with imperious behest.

With the crashing of the thunderous chords sounds a solemn, far-off chime, now low, now clear and strong, now hushed, yet ever full of defiant, insistent command.

And the troubled hearts on shore stand still for the moment, faint with mysterious pain, for it is the bell in the tower of the Cathedral of the Deep—calling the dead to prayer.

The
Cathedral
of the
Deep

Children of the Sun

Volante

BUTTERFLY Op. 43
Allegro Grazioso

GRIEG



Children of the Sun

THE trees are laden with strange fruit.

After all the leaves have fallen and the autumn winds have sent them wandering widely upon the earth, mysterious mansions are disclosed, builded upon the bare branches or hanging by a single silken thread, standing out with peculiar distinctness against the December sky.

The tiny furry creatures that through all the sweet summer made glad holiday in the woods and fields have spun and woven a covering that defies the fingers of the frost.

The outer sheath is grey and fibrous, but the inner layers are soft and fine as down. The little architect is fast asleep, like a hermit in his solitary home.

No stress of wind or storm reaches his warm hearthstone, and as his house sways from side to side in the cold blasts, he well may fancy it is June again and that he lies at

Volante

Children
of the Sun

full length upon a twig, looking up through fluttering leaves to the blue and silver beyond.

Within that silken softness lies all the miracle of life and growth, and safely hidden away in the darkness the builder dreams of resurrection and the transfiguration yet to be.

For when the year-tide swells on its way to flood, and the mystic spell of summer lies upon the waiting world, the woven grey cradle will break. From its dark depths will flutter a thing of wondrous beauty, as though a tomb had opened for the passage of a rainbow and a star.

I have watched the chrysalis when it first began to tremble. For a weary space the imprisoned soul struggles with its bonds. Then at the farthest end, close to the branch, an opening appears.

Little by little the brilliant moth creeps out, his delicate, dusty body folded into the smallest possible compass. For a time he lies in the sun, resting from his toil, the expanding membranes pulsing as though with longing for the untried flight.

Then there is an aspiration, a slow uplifting, the marvellous wings quiver, and with

majestic circles the Child of the Sun moves toward the light from whence he came.

When the far-off elfin trumpet breathes its clear notes on the air, there is a stir of life in every cell. Fairy moths and gorgeous butterflies answer the mystical appeal. The things that crept upon the earth and with divine patience waited in a self-built tomb, are at last as free as the air in which they move.

Upon those splendid wings are all the colours of the sunset sky. Disks of green and azure are softly set upon rose and crimson dust. Wavering lines of midnight blackness are traced upon misty white and gold.

The distant music which wakes the drowsy world is too fine for our straining sense to hear. But the time of it, if not the sound, tunes our hearts into answering melody and to the beat of it we journey all our days.

For the song of the world is all of love. It is this which fills the earth with the divine theme of spring, swelling through the modulations of June into the symphony of summer and harvest, and leaves an echo of hope in the white hush which follows its farewell.

It is this which transforms the grey and

Children
of the Sun

Children
of the Sun

sodden wastes into glorious seas of colour,
breaks the bonds of the imprisoned Children
of the Sun, and turns my soul forever, as a
homing pigeon, toward the heaven of your
dear eyes.

Lost River

Adagio

NACHTSTUCK

Andante

SCHUMANN

4/4

Lost River

THROUGH the grey meadows of the Past,
winds Lost River. The gentle stream
bears all the driftwood of our lives toward an
unknown sea. Childish griefs, forgotten
sorrows, and unrealised fears have floated
away forever ; unfounded faith and impossi-
ble ideals have vanished, too.

We shall never find them again. Daytime
visions, idle dreams, and all the splendid archi-
tecture of fancy have fallen into the resistless
current and drifted beyond our ken. Little
loves and little joys are passing on, sweeten-
ing for a moment the waters on which they
rest.

Sometimes all the labour of years seems to
falter for a space upon the brink, and our trem-
bling hands are eagerly put forth to stay the
fall. But achievement never leaves us, though
the semblance of it may in a single instant be
swept away.

The slow song of the stream sounds ever

Edgardo

Lost River

in our ears, and the sadness of it enters into our supremest joy. The love which seems so great for the moment may in a few days be but a passing petal upon Lost River—the rapture which is as wine to the waiting heart may become but the bliss of an hour, to be borne away like other precious things.

Along the shores of the River are the things which we may keep. Little loves which never passed for great, dreams that were not hopes, and all the wonder-world of childhood lie forever in the grey meadows, where the tired feet may wander as they will. For it is Memory's divinest gift — that only pain and bitterness slip through her fingers. All the rest is left to light the dark solitudes through which the soul must go alone.

And so the song of the stream should bring solace, not fear. For in a little time the grief which tightens round the heart shall vanish and all the sweetness of life remain.

It is only in the present that the struggling soul may suffer, for the fingers of Hope have limned beauty on the face of the Future, and in the infinite calm of Lost River there is naught but repose.

The Knight of Castle Christmas

Allegro

The Knight of Castle Christmas

Allegro

THE day of days, My Lady — and I away
from you ? It does not seem possible !
The dear memories of a fivefold happiness
cluster round my heart and make me realise
my loneliness to-day. But it is only for a little
while now.

The air is filled with music and rejoicing
when the Knight of Castle Christmas takes
the world by storm. The light of stained-
glass windows sheds its radiance afar upon
the snow, and distant voices blend with the
rhythm of the bells.

The ever-living green of the forest bends
with unaccustomed bloom, and pearls and
rubies shine amid the depths of mistletoe and
holly. The beat of hidden strings and the tap
of light feet, the melody of childish voices and
the sounds of laughter, echo back from the
stillness in reverberant joy.

For the Knight of Castle Christmas has

The
Knight of
Castle
Christmas

come back again. With arched neck and fiery breath his white charger bears him on with the swiftness of the wind. The holly gleams anew at his approach, as with the colour of his scarlet cloak, and his silver spurs set the depths of ice alight with crystalline flame.

His lance is aimed at Selfishness and Pride, and Envy hides in its own darkness when his sword flashes from its scabbard.

Chivalry is not dead—nor dying. A woman may make a knight of the man who loves her, if she only will.

For I, my Queen, have worn your token since the day I first looked into your eyes. With your gage in my hand, and your love in my heart, there is no knightly thing I could not do. White as the driven snow your colours are, and I have tried to keep them above the dust and to carry them back to you unstained.

For no reward of knighthood is so precious as this—to keep a woman's trust untarnished and in the answering light of her eyes behold a new heaven of belief.

See how the Knight of Castle Christmas

awakes the world ! Hatred dies, malice is forgotten, and distrust is dead. The discords of life are resolved into harmony, and the spirit of giving sets the soul alight with generous fire.

In the frosty heaven shine the midnight stars. Long ago they sang together, but the music has been lost, and to-night, from the round earth, comes the melody of the Christmas song.

The leafless trees in the forest are awake with wonder. The lofty pines, that rear cathedral spires against the white hills, are listening, too, but they know and understand.

Thin, childish voices swell the cadence to a higher key. The words are all the same—in the palace of the king or in the little hut in the wilderness.

Christmas, and I away from you ! But the memory of your sweetness is ever in my heart, and I should choose it for my gift above all other things.

Oh, best-loved face in all the world ! The days pass by on leaden wings when only in memory your dear eyes shine for me. Though by the calendar it is not long, by the heart it

The
Knight of
Castle
Christmas

The
Knight of
Castle
Christmas

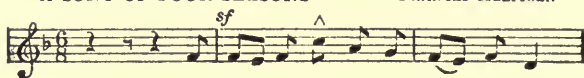
is a century. But you and I will be together once more—you and I and our little Spring-time Gift—when the Knight of Castle Christmas comes again.

The Weaving of the Year

Maestoso

A SONG OF FOUR SEASONS

FRANCES ALLITSEN



The Weaving of the Year

UPON the vast loom of Time lies the majestic web of the year, with warp of sun and woof of shadow, the colours shading from the white of winter to the rainbow hues of autumn, then back to snow again.

An unknown hand has set the pattern and night and day the unceasing work goes on. It is grey at first, with white lights relieving the sombreness. Leafless trees raise their helpless arms to the unyielding sky, as if in pleading and prayer for spring. A belated flock of wild geese is pictured upon the tapestry, and the dark sky turns to turquoise under the witchery of sun and snow.

The opaque whiteness shades gradually into translucent clearness, and the rush of the March wind fills the fabric with waves of silver sheen. Then comes the drip of the April rain, the first violets woven on the sombre ground, the glint of a bluebird's wing, and a flash of scarlet from the robin's breast.

Macstoso

The
Weaving
of the
Year

Then a world of pink and white blossoming appears on verdant slopes, where wild phlox and buttercups make soft undertints of yellow and blue. June's glorious roses riot through the weaving in splendid masses of colour, and all the summer sweetness adds its magic beauty.

Green wheat-fields slowly ripen and the roses fall. The clover fades and dies and scarlet poppies shine amid the gold. The harvest moon swings low in a deep-vaulted heaven ablaze with stars.

The autumn tints shade in. Splendid vistas of colour stretch from side to side of the loom. The yellow of the harvest, the crimson of the falling leaves, the purple wine-cups, and the distant violet hills are softly blended together.

And then the colours change. All the gold is gone; there is only here and there a crimson touch and the violet is softened to a dreamy haze.

Goldenrod and aster repeat the old colouring for a little space, and then this, too, is gone. Brown slopes turn to grey, and sodden November skies hide the changing depths of blue and silver.

For a little time the tapestry is dark, but all at once it becomes white with snow and shining ice, as it was in the beginning. And thus the year is woven.

With the sound of the loom has come the defiant cry of the winter wind, the drip of the melting ice, the patter of the rain, the sudden rush of unbound streams, and the first robin's cheery song.

The bluebird's notes have blended with the thrush's springtime gladness, and the hum of bees through the clover is mingled with the meadow-lark's sweet melody. The sound of reaping has come through the stillness, hushed to a lullaby as the year grew old.

And then, with the autumn winds, has come the litany of the fall rain, then a hush, then a gentle sigh, then the long silence which means farewell.

To-night, the last white threads are woven in the fabric of the year. Already it is moving from the loom and ere dawn another web will be laid, with the white fibre in both warp and woof.

In and out through the varying years we weave our little lives, and never can the weav-

The
Weaving
of the
Year

The
Weaving
of the
Year

ing cease, for the uncertain thread in our tremulous hands was spun by the Daughters of Eternity.

The completed centuries lie far back in the past, waiting for the final judgment of Him who made the loom. Through two or three score of the years our changing destiny runs, now dark, now light, and now touched with gold.

For many a year have I woven mine, in and out of the vast tapestry, following sometimes the warp and sometimes the woof of the great design. I have made mistakes, I have faltered, I have broken and stained my thread, but I know the Weaver will forgive it all. Because throughout my erring toil has run a single thread of purest gold, unbroken, steady, and unstained. You know what it is, My Heart,— my love of you.

PART III

The Heart of Love

Largo

POEME EROTIQUE

GRIEG



The Heart of Love

Largo

FROM a leaden sky grey flakes are falling,
changing to white as they flutter softly
down. There is nothing in all the world so
silent as this.

With wonderful patience the wintry clouds
are covering the earth with snow. The brown
hollows and rocky wastes are slowly being
hidden, as though upon a soul torn with doubt
and despair should descend an infinite calm.

In the universal whiteness, dividing lines are
lost. The hedge is becoming a marble wall,
with here and there its dark green shining
through. The sentinel cedar at the gateway
is hoary, as with centuries, and all the trees
are bending with this treasure of the clouds.

The sun is shining now and the snow falls
faster. Downy masses gleam like silver
against the blue of the breaking sky.

Through the air the unnumbered Sprites of
Snow are making a merry holiday, blown

The
Heart
of Love

from side to side at the wind's will. One listens for the echo of their mad laughter, forgetting that it is beyond our eager sense.

Underneath, the earth is sheltered from the cold. The oak and maple roots are reaching out tiny tendrils through the warm, mysterious darkness, gathering heat and moisture and the subtle elements of the soil to transmute into summer beauty.

Windflower and anemone, shielded from the frost, will flush with warmer colour when My Lady April calls. Violets are choosing their ever-varying purple, and from the lees of the autumn wine the buttercups are distilling ethereal gold.

Beneath the ice of the marsh streams the lotus and the lilies lie, with the crushed and tattered purple flags beside them. They, too, are waiting for the transfiguration and the elysian days of June.

When the Maytime measure lilts through the world again, when Nature reads upon her missal the prayer for spring, every hidden blossom shall riot into bloom, and hearts that have lain fallow through a winter of doubt shall again believe.

For all life teaches us this—in the ebb and flow of the tide, the sun and shadow of the day and night, and the light and darkness of the year.

We are wont to speak of material things as if they could not long endure, but a violet will sometimes last longer than the love which gave it, and a crumpled rose-leaf breathe fragrance long after the hands in which it lay have gone back to dust.

Strange Heart of Love ! To be so soft and tender for a little while, and then to vanish like a phantom of the night ! To put new life into every sound and then suddenly to take it away ! To write of eternal devotion, and before the words have faded make them all untrue ! To vow, and then forget, as the pyramids of Egypt have outlived its gods !

But, Heart of Mine, the great love does not forget. The violets and roses may crumble into ashes, but it daily takes new life. It is only the little loves, like butterflies in the August fields, that cannot stand the stress of cold and storm.

Too often the hungry soul mistakes the little love for the great and repines when it is

The
Heart
of Love

The
Heart
of Love

taken away — not seeing that the imperious guest demands all that is true and in return gives nothing that is not.

Into every life at some time does the great love come, glorifying even the unworthy clay in which it may choose to dwell into a thing of surpassing fairness. But there can be no greater happiness than this of ours, when one soul is tuned to another, and every throb of my heart is answered by the quick, rapturous beat of yours.

The Soul of the Master Musician

Maestoso

TANNHAUSER
Andante Maestoso

WAGNER



The Soul of the Master Musician.

YOUR thoughts were with me last night, My Lady—you do not need to tell me that. And when the eventful moment came, and I was uncertain, as I always am, I said to myself: "It is for her." I lost concern for the five thousand people who were waiting to criticise and, as in a vision, saw your face, with your dreamy eyes turned toward mine.

I do not know how I played, for I had forgotten everything except you and my violin, but I was recalled time and time again. When I came back the third time, I saw a beautiful woman in a lower box near the stage. Her hair and the poise of her head were a little like yours, but in her eyes was a look that I pray may never be in those I love.

She was off her guard. For the moment, turned away from the others, she had dared to be herself. They were great, deep eyes, full of sorrow and appealing tenderness, and

Macstose

The
Soul of the
Master
Musician

such love as God puts but once in any human soul.

She tossed a rose toward me and it struck my violin, caught on one of the strings and hung by a single thorn. Some one laughed, but the incident had a deeper significance for me. I knew that in some way I had touched her heart.

And so for the encore which was demanded I played, without accompaniment, the sonata which I wrote for you and which no one else had ever heard. Long ago it would have been impossible—it would have seemed a desecration, but, in my new-found sense of kinship with the world, it was the only thing to do.

You know what it is, My Heart,—the story of our love and what I think God meant his holiest gift should be. Love that is absolute, unchanging, and immortal—whose divine white fire endures through flood, and shines even in the darkness beyond the grave.

When it was finished, I glanced at her. Understanding was in her eyes, but not content. She knew, then, what love should be, and it had been denied or lost. I was helpless—my sonata had been in vain.

And then the orchestra began the Overture to Tannhauser. In those first deep notes lies the very soul of the Master Musician—comprehension, universal sympathy, and deep, abiding love. Out of the wilderness of temptation the heavenly melody came like a prayer of faith. And at the end that splendid cry of triumph, which must put new courage into any faltering heart, swelled into a magnificent pæan of praise and joy.

As the audience rose to go, I caught my last glimpse of her. The soul of the Master Musician had touched her own with consolation, for upon her face was ineffable peace and the fire of new strength was in her eyes.

And perhaps the great heart that sleeps in the dust of the Fatherland, stung to the last by the taunts and jeers and persecutions of his almost innumerable enemies, will know some day, if not now, of the heavenly balm which his music brought to one suffering, world-scarred soul.

We cannot think him dead, though he has lain so long in the breast of his beloved Germany, unmindful alike of scorn and praise. But if it be immortality to live anew with

The
Soul of the
Master
Musician

The
Soul of the
Master
Musician

every sound of his God-given inspiration, even now it is his. And if it be reward to strike the souls of men into white heats of daring, and to fill their hearts with the tender light of love, that, too, is his, though it come too late for him to know.

The City of Flame

Allegro Veloce

DIE WALKÜRE (MAGIC FIRE)

WAGNER

Massig Bewegt



The City of Flame

MY hearthstone to-night is the gateway of a mysterious City. The glowing portals have opened and disclosed a scene of gorgeous beauty. It is, in truth, an Angel with a Flaming Sword that stands at the entrance as a sentinel.

From side to side of the fireplace flows a molten river with a sheen like burnished gold. Here it broadens to a fiery flood, reflecting light and colour into the darkest shadow of the room.

Tiny pools of resplendent crimson lie in the sunset hollows among the rocks. Radiant trees emblazon dazzling branches upon the distant sky.

Graceful minarets and towers of flickering flame glitter amid the glory. Lambent banners flaunt blazing pageantry upon the shimmering air, and luminous spiders weave webs of light.

Allegro
Veloce

The
City of
Flame

Bending fields of glittering grain lie far beyond the City, and tiny stars shine for a moment through the smoky clouds.

Outlined against the midnight blackness a flight of golden swallows thread their sparkling way through the dark. They pause for a moment as if to rest, then suddenly disappear.

In the far depths of the City of Flame is a scene of wondrous activity. The Little People of the Fire seemingly do not know the meaning of idleness.

Fairy craft are set afloat upon the glowing tide, like argosies destined for ports unknown. They are laden with strange wares of warmth and colour, dream-stuffs, and the jewels of the City. Gold dust is sifted from the sunset light along the molten river and stored in the treasure ship of the elfin fleet.

Other workers are rearing splendid palaces, their gates carved of ruby and gold. Banquet halls stretch their stately length through these royal mansions, their sculptured pillars set with stars.

Afar in the bending fields, where the crystalline air touches the fiery grain with a new glory, there is a sudden shower of meteoric

rain — a thousand sparks descending upon the harvest and driving the workers home.

Over in the shadow, beneath a cloud of smoke, the Little Fire Mothers are swaying to and fro with their tiny children cradled on their shining breasts. Through the rush of the flames, in an undertone, comes the melody of the fire lullaby, with a far-off, haunting sweetness that makes one lean close to hear.

But twilight comes to the City of Flame. The Little Fire Mothers cease their tender song. The light on the river trembles into rose, and flickering leaves fall from the trees. The sails of the treasure fleet are lost in the distance and the busy workers have gone home.

Slowly the splendour dies. No longer does the light leap to the distant corners of the room. The grain fields lie in darkness and the golden swallows are gone.

And then a haze of grey smoke veils the dying embers. And by some grace of magic the soft shadows make a woman's face, uplifted tenderly to mine.

Ah, Little People of the Fire, ye have well deserved your rest, for this is the fairest witchery of all — the vision of her I love.

The
City of
Flame

The Wine of Life

Cantabile

DIE MEISTERSINGER (WALTER'S PRIZE SONG)

WAGNER



The Wine of Life

THROUGH all our little day we are toilers in the Vineyard of the World. Sometimes the grapes are sweet, often they are bitter, and yet in the wine-press all distinctions are lost—so much depends upon the heart.

There are some whose path lies along the upland slopes. Soft soil is under their feet, the sun shines longest on their way, and the fragrant purple clusters are within ready reach. Yet it may be a bitter wine which these restless hearts distil—with poison in the lees.

Some, whose lot is cast in the valley, find the way overgrown with weeds and thorns. Through the dense undergrowth the vines wander for a space and are often lost. Only the unripe fruit is to be found here, in the tangled, neglected vines, forgotten even by the sun.

And still the toilers in the valley do not

Cantabile

The
Wine of
Life

falter. Hoping always for better things, they keep up the search, and the wine which they distil is clear and fine, with light lying far in its amber depths.

There are many kinds of grapes in the Vineyard — peace, pleasure, and content are haply gathered by some. Others find only sorrow and suffering, but in the wine-press of a brave heart this meets with wondrous change. Sometimes weakness and bitterness become strength and sweetness, and sometimes the pain is mellowed and given back to the world — transmuted into Art.

You and I, My Lady, are among those who walk upon the upland ways. I think it is because you have placed your hand in mine and the Keeper of the Vineyard will not let your tender feet descend to the valley and the plain.

We have gathered, too, the fruit which some have found bitter and to us it has been divinely sweet. We have had but few of the Grapes of Gold for which every toiler in the Vineyard strives — and we have laughed at those who were so eager in the quest.

Wistful eyes have looked in ours, but our

lips are dumb. The secret lies beyond all words, for it is light and colour, not sound, and only those who share it with us may know that our Wine of Life is sweet because we love.

The
Wine of
Life

The Builders of the Frost

Scherzando

DANCE OF THE GNOMES

FRANZ LISZT

Presto Scherzando



The Builders of the Frost

LAST night, after the concert was over, I went for a walk in the woods. It was long after midnight, but I was never wont to choose times and seasons for my wandering. I laughed to myself as I started across the fields, for other people would seriously question my sanity, but I knew you would understand.

It was an enchanted night. The air was clear and cold, and yet soft as with coming spring.

Like solemn sentinels two stalwart pines guarded the path at the entrance to the forest. I caught their fragrant breath as I passed unchallenged into Nature's sublime cathedral, whose pillars are the stately trees, whose roof is the deep-vaulted heaven, and whose rock-hewn altars have no incense but the love of every living thing.

My footsteps made no sound, for the wood-

Scherz-
ando

The
Builders of
the Frost

land streets were dumb with snow. The soft carpet had covered every hollow and every dead leaf, as though the whiteness and holiness of a great love had hidden every scar on a human heart.

Beneath it lay the lost violets of May, dreaming, perhaps, of the resurrection yet to be, while the old miracle went on in the dark stillness of the soil. And in the very earth was a magic world of winding streets and mysterious caverns, where the drowsy Little People of the Forest awaited the trumpet-call of the March winds.

As if in compassion for the leafless trees, the tiny Builders of the Frost had covered each separate bough to the farthest twig with transparent crystal. Only the pines were dark, and their lower branches were heavily laden with snow and their aromatic cones tipped with ice.

In majestic slowness the late moon rose and the vast cathedral assumed a strange beauty. The broad breast of the river was a sheet of silver, reflecting a vibrant sheen, like a shimmering veil, until it was lost among the hills.

Close to the stream where the overhanging

bank had kept away the snow, the fairy workers had made a wondrous city. The slender spires of marsh grass had been overlaid with chalcedony and at the top of each was set a single star. Minarets and towers were of a dazzling whiteness ; the elfin streets were paved with iridescent pearl.

Under the clear ice of the river I could see here and there a sculptured pillar, supporting a roof carved in tracery and fretwork of marvellous design. The starry asters and feathery goldenrod, the ferns and falling leaves, with only their colour gone, were laid in ivory mosaic and arabesque. Sometimes a bit of frosty lace, woven like the spider's web, was laid in filagree upon the shining silver of the stream.

From the unbroken drifts far beyond came the sparkle of a thousand jewels. A tiny drop hung from the end of a twig and broke a passing moonbeam into an opal mist. Frosty flakes began to fall, each alight with the tints of a lost summer rainbow and the diamond sparkle of moon and snow.

I heard a dreamy, half-whispered chirp from somewhere and my heart beat faster.

The
Builders of
the Frost

The
Builders of
the Frost

Up in the tall plumes of the pine there must be a hidden nest, where two little birds were facing winter and adversity together.

What though there were little to eat, aside from the seeds between the scales of the pine cones, and here and there a forgotten morsel of grain ! Why should they care for the Frost Builders' eerie spell !

I knew his sheltering wing was laid over his sweetheart's delicately arched neck, and that her bright eyes were hidden in the soft plumage of his breast. I knew, too, the joy that throbbed in his heart when he drew his true mate close, for nothing matters in all the world, My Life, while I have you and your unchanging love.

A Valentine

Andante

AVEU Op. 9
Passionata

SCHUMANN



A Valentine

THE world waxeth old and colder and we hide our hearts within us lest their precious essence fade away. And though we love each other, we show it not save in dreams, and in the darkness which clingeth round us we grope blindly and alone.

Sometimes we see the glimmer of a far-off star and, reaching it, we find but a will-o'-the-wisp which leadeth us into many and strange places. But after much deceit and stumbling we come at last to the True Radiance, which shineth steady and clear and filleth our souls with joy.

And when the light thus shines into the shadow of one's life, and the glory of it gives fresh courage to the doubting soul, it is given some to weave their words in graceful verse, but I must write to thee in halting prose as best becomes my gift.

For to mine unbelieving sight hath that

Endante

A
Valentine

light so come, lying in the sweet, serene depths of a woman's eyes and kindled in the secret chambers of a woman's tender heart.

And so to thee, beloved, because thou hast ever led me toward the heights, and because through sun and storm thou hast ever loved me, seeing not the earthly being that I am, but the angel that I long to be, I send this Valentine and its message of my love for thee.

Trailing Arbutus

Cantabile

SPRING RUSTLE Op. 32

SINDING

Agitato

The musical score is written for three staves, all in treble clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat major), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked *Agitato*. The melody is a continuous eighth-note pattern across all three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, key signature, and time signature. The second and third staves continue the melody. There are vertical bar lines and repeat signs (double dots) indicating the structure of the piece.

Trailing Arbutus

THERE were little bunches of it offered for sale in the city streets to-day, brought from the far-off summer-land while the north still lies beneath the wintry spell.

For a little space around it, the air was sweet with the subtle fragrance which is the very essence of the woods and hills. Sound and scent are most potent to revive sleeping memory. A half-remembered strain of an old song will recall a world forgotten under the stress of daily living, and each separate flower has a magic all its own.

There are few of us to whom tuberoses do not mean tears, for with that sweetness come the kisses from lips that we have lost—that shall never touch our own again. Mari-golds and ragged-robins will bring the vision of an old garden ; pansies will wake the distant June mornings that meant joy to the childish heart ; poppies and sweet thyme will

Cantabile

Trailing
Arbutus

bring solace for grief, and the purple lilac clusters will fill the troubled soul with deep content.

A passing scent in a city street and an hour of reverie following it—why do we say that the days of enchantment are over?

Sad memories come to some and sweet thoughts to others with the breath of a single rose. The tired lines in a man's face will soften when the odour of red roses steals into the busy day, for these are the lover's gift. And a woman's eyes will fill and sometimes her lips will quiver at the delicate fragrance of a white rose, for these are oftenest put in the dead hands of a little child.

And so to-day the arbutus brought me happiness, for on the morning we found it first, I discovered that I loved you—and had loved you, all unknowingly, for a year.

Do you remember, Heart of Mine, that April day on the hills? We were walking on the dead leaves of autumn, that had not yet been hidden by the emerald tapestry, when of a sudden you sprang away from me and stooped to the ground. When you turned back to me you had two tiny pink clusters in

your hands,—“one for each of us,” you said,
—and I have mine still.

For there was the light of an April dawn in
your eyes, and all at once, while the robin
sang above us, the old miracle of the world
was achieved, and there was summer in my
heart for all the years to come.

Trailing
Arbutus

A Nocturne

Lento

NOCTURNE Op. 37. No. 2

CHOPIN



A Nocturne

IT has been a grey day, with but a fitful gleam of light at noon. To-night the sun went down behind sodden clouds and no hint of the veiled glory reached the earth.

But in the mysterious East there was witchery in store. The clouds lifted and disclosed the crescent moon a little above the horizon. The ivory and pearl slowly changed to silver and then to gold.

Softly the darkness fled, and the Enchantress of the Night continued her majestic way toward the zenith. I could see her, lying back in the crescent, with her vaporous robes of grey and silver hanging athwart the heaven, and her misty hair, like illumined star-dust, hiding the beauty of her face.

The dark clouds grew iridescent at the edges, reflecting violet and opal light in the shadows and suffusing all the East with a tender glow. The blue rays of the love-star

Xento

A
Nocturne

gleamed steadily and in the White Way were set unnumbered pearls.

In the vast silences of her palace halls she moves in royal loneliness. She has no comrade in all the universe. Her festal lights are set for her alone.

Sometimes her fiery messengers flame through the heavens in search of her true mate, leaving a luminous wake along their uncertain way. Sometimes a single one of her waiting candles burns low and we say it is a falling star.

The Lost Pleiad, too, is away upon her errand, drifting upon the uncharted midnights, while Sirius guards the approach to the throne. For countless centuries she has waited, leaning from the balcony of her night to watch for her coming King.

Afar upon the earth her old slave lies in bondage, forever chafing at his chains. Restless, hoary, and impassioned, he follows her eternally with every throb of his tempestuous soul.

Now he woos her to the time and heart-beat of the breaking surf and now to the melody of the summer winds. Now, rising

to the heights of sublime passion, his deep voice melts into pleading and prayer. Siren music blends with his serenade and yet she hears him not.

Upon her unapproachable heights, she waits in serene patience for the lover who does not come. For him only will she unveil her face, and for him only will the starry eyes shine, unshadowed by the ethereal gold of her hair.

The Northern Lights are aflame to-night upon the distant sky, in spires of luminous mist. The masses of cloud are slowly drifting away. One, blown by some wandering wind, for a moment obscures the moon.

In an instant all is dark. Only the aurora and the starlight send a little gleam upon the shadow. Then, with unspeakable splendour, the crescent emerges from the cloud.

“Thou, thrice-dear being set in woman’s mould,
Hast risen through my night more bright than this.”

There is no way so dark that you cannot lead me safely on, for the eyes of the heart need no light to see, save that which is kindled there. And no fiery messenger will

A
Nocturne

A
Nocturne

ever flame through the clear heaven of your soul in search of your lost love, for as the sea follows his beautiful Enchantress, so, through the world and after, shall I forever follow you.

“Auf Wiedersehen”

Andante

“Auf Wiedersehen”

THERE are only three days more before I go to you, but ah, My Lady,—those three days!

The first bugle of March has blown and the earth has thrilled in answer. Buds are swelling on the bare branches, so soon to change into the green-gold boughs of spring.

The King of Day has turned his chariot wheels toward the Summer Solstice, and at the distant sound all living things have trembled into growth. The twigs of pussy-willow have put out their climbing maltese catkins, sweet with a subtle fragrance which defies the searching sense, and the sap is rising in the hidden labyrinths of the orchard to break into pink and white bloom.

But there are dark and rainy days still to come. We will light the maple logs in the fireplace and sit by the cheerful blaze hand in hand, our clasped fingers making a path for

Andante

"Auf
Wieder-
sehen"

love and understanding to cross from one to the other.

Above all other charm, I think you have the home gift. Only the stars might be our light and only the sands of the desert our resting-place, and yet, with you, it would be truly home.

I wonder now how I have lived through all these months away from you. I think it is because we are so nearly one that it has not been possible to separate thought from thought and soul from soul, though many leagues have lain between the touch of lips and hands.

In three days I shall hear your voice again, and then, through all the coming nights, the little candle in the window will guide me to the doorway where you wait, with the love-light in your eyes.

We will walk among the lilacs together, when the white and purple bloom drifts through the aisles of springtime, and the delicate, haunting perfume sets the heart to thrilling with the beauty of the world.

There is a little phrase which seems to me to hold all the sweetness of the lilac, and its inmost meaning is beyond translation. Some-

way it brings a vision of the early summer, before the freshness of spring is quite gone—some parting which is not farewell. It is only to be used by those who love.

And so, when one writes for the last time to her whose little hands have held his heart for many years in a true and tender clasp, and whose exquisite womanliness hath ever made his soul to bend in worship, it is the word of all others.

And so —“auf wiedersehen.”

THE END.

“Auf
Wieder-
sehen”

Unive
So
L